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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

SEPT. 20,

1862.

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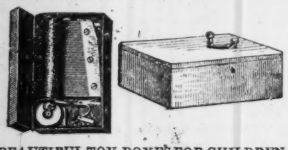

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XUM

THE LADIES—BLESS THEM!

Adjutant (to stout soldier, who has been home on sick leave.)—"WELL, PRIVATE DUFFY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY JOINING IN THAT RIDICULOUS CONDITION?"

Private Smith, (Friend of Duffy's.)—"IT AIN'T NO FAULT OF HIS, SIR—THE NEW YORK LADIES KEP' GIVIN' AND GIVIN' HIM THINGS, AND HE KEP' ATIN' AND ATIN' THEM, BECAZE HE WAS WAKE AND THE TEMPTATION WAS STRONG."

A Drug in the Market.

Q. WHY is the Postage-Stamp like Asafœtida?

A. Because it is a disgusting Gum.

About the Size of it.

THERE can be no good Resin for putting gum, or Size, on the postage-stamp. If the article is intended for circulation, why should it be made up to Stick?

From the Rural Districts.

A "PASTORAL BELLE," who says that she "lives, and moves, and has her being in old English poetry," writes to us to inquire whether "Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy" is subject to a Draft.

He be, Miss—of buttermilk.

Suggested in the Central Park.

Q. WHAT smaller birds does a Swan, while feeding, recall to the mind of the "rash gazer"?

A. No end of Swallows.

Sentiment by a City Alderman.

"WE can put up with Mock Turtle, but Mock Auctioneer is *rather too strong for us.*"

MATES that the Substitute Brokers in Fort Lafayette don't appear to cotton to.

The Case-mates in which they are lodged there.

The Dimes and the Times.

IT was well said, yesterday, by a prominent German brewer of Hoboken, that "we shall not see no more good dimes again as long as the postage-stamps go for money."

GENERAL HENRY BOHLEN.

ONE more great heart on Freedom's altar laid,
Hot from the throb of battle! One more name,
Deep carven, O Glory! with a point of flame
In burnished splendor on thy page displayed!
From groves beyond the sea, in whose calm shade
Our battle-echoes caused no leaf to wave,
Husband and Father, came he! Rich, he gave
With prodigal hand to the Good Cause he made
His own! His was no hypocritic zeal
That hath "no stomach for the fight," and so
With eager gold would craven heart conceal!
He was a soldier that had faced the foe!
Once more he girt his harness for the strife,
And gave his last and noblest gift—his LIFE!

August 30th, 1862. CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

RELIGIOUS REBELLION.

A CONTRABAND of more than usual intelligence, who states that he has lately acted as tent butler to Stonewall JACKSON, has given some very interesting particulars regarding the inner life of that great and good man. According to this authority, JACKSON always prays for two hours on end before he goes forth to battle. While mixed up in the stirring fight, he never loses an opportunity of offering up his orisons, owing his life, on several occasions, to the fact of his falling upon his knees to pray, just as a shell was about coming in contact with his "cocoa-nut." After the battle he prays again; and after prayer he sings hymns, which concluded, he has some more prayers.

It is in no spirit of disparagement that we make note of these religious exercises of the Rebel JACKSON—only we think that his well-known *sobriquet* of "Stonewall" is hardly characteristic of the man, and that he might more appropriately be called Prayer-y JACKSON.

MYTHOLOGICAL MUSINGS.

THE Sun is like a raggedy rebel General's cocked-hat—there is nothing new under it. Even that *dulce decus* of America, the fancy drink, may be traced to remote Greece. When JASON returned to his native Iolchos, after his yacht expedition with the Argonauts, he found his old governor so bad with the gout as to be unable to take part in the festivities of the occasion. We are told that MEDEA, JASON'S wife, however, who had probably been a pretty waiter-girl, set the old gentleman on his legs again, by drawing off his blood with a patent spile, and filling his arteries with the *juices of certain herbs* instead. Now this was clearly a figurative way of stating the fact that she treated him successfully with mint-juleps.

The most prominent instances of fluting recorded in ancient pictured art, are the Corinthian column and the great piccolo match between APOLLO and MARSYAS. Of course we are not to understand, literally, that APOLLO flayed MARSYAS alive when he lost the match; the expression evidently bearing no other interpretation than that the latter got badly skinned on his bet. The flute used by MARSYAS was originally the property of MINERVA, who threw it away in a pet because her young man said it gave her a wry mouth. Lots of our ladies here, who never played upon the flute, have Rye mouths. O dear! yes—old Rye.

See how this internecine and strategic, not to say expensive, little domestic difficulty of ours was foreshadowed by the heathen mythologist, in the pleasing episode of APOLLO and the Python. Generals of the Federal Army, which of you is the APOLLO of the day? Who killed the Anaconda? Don't all speak at once.

If the charming GORGON Sisters really had snakes instead of ringlets, is it not reasonable to infer that their *coiffeur* always Cut Away when they came to be trimmed by him?

THE TALE OF OUR ANACONDA.—The Bitter End.

OUR SERENADES.

SEPTUAGENARIAN persons of the prettier sex are in the habit of remarking that there was more gallantry hovering gaily around when they were girls, than they are accustomed to observe now that they are getting to be somewhat advanced in years. The reverence due to antiquity in every sense would, in itself, warn us from combatting this theory of many highly respectable old parties; but there is one social feature common to our cities, towns, villages, and even post-office stations, which impresses us more vividly than any other we know of, with the dreary conviction that the fine old Troubadour sentiment is, indeed, on its last legs among us.

We allude to our Serenades.

This once charming tribute of the languishing lover to his mistress retired for the night, has long since degenerated into a nuisance inflicted upon sober-minded citizens by bands—or contrabands—hired for the absurd purpose of pouring love-melodies into the window of the hotel in which some political charlatan—a Member of Congress, perchance—is guzzling from the infuriating goblet in company with his constituent elements. The object of the ill-used melody is, as likely as not, a fleshy, sensual, tobacco-consuming, and generally foul person of the masculine gender. To the musicians, however, it is all one. He possesses money, or influence: there are many axes to grind, and at the lovely hour "when stars are in the quiet skies," our SILENUS, forsooth, hath much love breathed into his lob ears from persive cornets and beseechful bassoons. He is mourned for as "Gentle Annie," wailed about as "Belle Brandon," sobbed over as "Sweet Rose d'Amour," and upbraided in reproachful semiquavers as an unreciprocating young person of the fascinating sex. There is a contest for the possession of SILENUS. The Trombone attempts to retain him by the well-known formula "Fly not yet," while the French-horn requests the pleasure of his midnight company to a picnic for two on "yon lonely isle," admonishing him by no means to forget to "bring his guitar."

It is a melancholy symptom of the Degeneracy of Man, is this, our modern serenade. Does the glowing Spanish señorita in her orange bower ever dream that we are such muffs over here as to do this ridiculous thing? We really hope not.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

IF I'm drafted I shall *resign*.

Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus confered upon me, I shall feel compeld to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meanter-say, I shall hav to resign if I'm drafted everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should hav eventooally becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself a Brigadeer-ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin', and make tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, "It is me, fayther! I thank the gods!"

She reads the *Ledger*.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said ARTEMUS, Jr. He reads the *Clipper*.

My wife was to the sowin' circle. I knew she and the wimin folks was havin' a pleasant time slanderin the females of the *other* sowin' circle, (which likewise met that arternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin' theirselves ekally well in slanderin' the fust-named circle,) an' I didn't send for her. I allus like to see people injoy theirselves.

My son ORGUSTUS was playin' onto a floot.

ORGUSTUS is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin' cob-houses in a corner of the kitchin.

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this fam'ly, and yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what's nearly the same thing) Miss KELLOGG and CARLOTTY PATTI sing; he may have hearn OLE BULL fiddle, and all the DONWORTHS toot, an' yet he don't know nothin' about music—the real, ginuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin' werry sure there'll be no spoons missin' when he goes away. Sich fathe s never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country's in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don't mean to intimate that the old bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; he only stays. He ought to 'pologize, on behalf of his parients, for bein' here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-wog's tail.

My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorrer, and patritism was below Par—and *Mar*, too. [A jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin' four abreast, wendin' their way up the street.

"What's them? Is it calvary?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line 'tween here and Scootsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

I saw that each stage driver carried a letter in his left-hand.

"The mail is hevy, to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacely, now-days," said the landlord, "and what few there is, very much prefier to walk, the roads is so rough.

"And how ist with you?" I inquired of the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, who sot near me.

"I can't go," he sed, shakin' his head in a wise way. "Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the

purpuss of announcin' from week to week, that *our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*"

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. SCHWAZEY, a leadin' citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin' in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered; "How's yer grandmams? When you goin' to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said; "this is what's the matter. I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt!"

"Jes' so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pinted to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin' once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend excloosively on licker for its sustainance."

"A blessin," he cried; "a blessin onto the hed of the man what inwented beans. A blessin' onto his hed!"

"Which his name is GILSON! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speciment of how things was goin' in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin' in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin'. The meetin' was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin' bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein' seldom marred by ingrammatticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doin's? *Nihil fit* ——"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's giv three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit!"

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—"*Nihil fit.*"

"Exactly," I said. "Nihil *fit*. He wasn't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin' pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man he must stand his little draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin' Washington, and they seem to be advancin' that way pretty often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble banner—*as it were*. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mum.] Feller citizens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washington is safe. Gloucester, Massachusetts, is safe. Gen. FREMONT is there. No danger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, as long as Gen. FREMONT'S there. And may the day be not far distant when I can say the same of Washington. But if it is saved, it will be by strategy. Vermont will soon be safe. Gen. PHELPS is comin' home. Let us all rejoice that Vermont is about to be safe. My wife says so, too.

The editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* here arose and said: "I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but a important despatch has just bin received at the telegraph office here. I will read it. It is as follows: *Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*" [Loud applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe. [Sensation.] Philadelphia is safe. Gen. PATTERSON'S is in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about *money*. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money, too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers made good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginny, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so, too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we do want *men*, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and stabbin' her with stolen knives! We must lick 'em quick. We must introduce a large number of first-class funerals among the people of the South. Betsy says so, too.

This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe—only with steel and led. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin' to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too.

I have great confidence in A. LINKIN. The old fellow's heart is in the right place, and his head is clear. There's bin sum queer doin's by some of his deputies—civil and military—but let it pass. We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. *For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother.* Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea! And then, if it is worth while, stop and argue about who caused all this in the first place. You've heard the showman. You've heard my wife, too. Me and Betsy is 1.

The meetin' broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.

V. F. TO THE RESCUE.

CAST, for a moment's space, aside,
Lie there, our bauble, cap and bells:
The North's on Northern soil defied,
And on the border's Union side
Rebellion whoops and yells.

The Jester—fired with patriot zeal—
Waives, for the nonce, his gibes and quips;
Up from his heart a stern appeal—
A slogan for the common weal—
Is surging to his lips.

Rescue! the Flag of Stars is torn;
Think! if it perish where are we?
Benighted, beaconless, forlorn,
Wrecked, and of every anchor shorn,
We drift with anarchy!

Rescue! since sacred starlight led
The shepherd seers to Bethlehem's vale,
No orbs that glitter overhead
So grand a light as ours have shed:
Say, brothers, shall they pale?

Rescue! let faction's voice be mute,
March all! in solid column march;
Have ye not heard that Treason's foot,
Spurning the Union, doth pollute
The keystone of its arch?

Rescue! let jealousy no more
Disturb our counsels, mar our plans;
Strike *all*, as struck your sires of yore;
What they *bequeathed* do you *restore*:
Strike for God's cause and man's!

Not so Sweet.

THE Date has been described by Eastern travellers as a sweet and wholesome article of food.

There must be some mistake, then, about the "latest Dates" which have come to us by the steamers from Europe. They are neither sweet nor wholesome, and we won't have them crammed down *our* throat at any price.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

Gallant Naval Captain.—"TAKE IN SAIL, THERE, GIRLS!—WE SHALL HAVE TO SCUD UNDER BARE POLES!" (*and just as he says this, away go his cap and wig, putting him under that very necessity.*)

Interesting Fact.

THE cartilaginous excrescence in the centre of the human throat is commonly known as the *Pomum Adami*, or ADAM'S Apple.

In some parts of New-Jersey, however—Monmouth County, in particular—the *savants* call it *Pomum Johannis*, on account of the quantity of Apple Jack tipped over it by the industrious topers of that region.

Bread Stuff.

A FOREIGN invention is reported by which may be obtained "a very sweet bread, full of eyes, and extremely light."

Bread "full of eyes" would, we judge, serve as the spectacles no less than the "staff of life."

Cremant et Sec.

"I DRINK Champagne when I want to write," said the Poet; "I can always get Rhymes from Champagne."

"And Champagne from Reims," said X.

Dietetics.

"YOU seem afraid to eat Nothing," remarked the Landlady, as the Lodger helped himself thrice to cucumbers.

"Yes, madam," replied the Lodger, "when I can get Something!"

Pathologico-Culinary Sentiment.

CORN and tomatoes make an excellent soup, and why not? Is not the word Corn inseparably connected with our idea of a Toe-martyr?

By a French Sailor.

"PAS de Grog? Cela fait des Grognards!"

CHEER UP! CHEER UP!

IF news of our endeavors crost
  Comes o'er the trembling wire—
Of battles won at fearful cost—
  Of battles bravely fought, but lost—
  Of slaughter and of fire,
Let those who hope for our dismay
  Be taught, in vain their hoping;
While closes up for fresh affray
The unquailing patriot array,
  With rebel ruffians coping!

Oh! falter not, if ye be men,
  Ye guardians of our border!
Rally your shattered ranks, and then
Stand firm, or onward press again
  In grim and dauntless order!
If home is dear, or fame is sweet—
  If lips are worth the loving—
See to it, when those lips you meet,
Their murmurs make your bliss complete—
  Their syllables approving!

Let sordid souls, with reck'ning base,
  Divide their country's spoiling!
Leave toil for profit or for place—
The selfish and ignoble chase,
  To those who love the toiling!
The musket on your shoulder laid
  Is worth a monarch's ransom;
Your jackets, travel-worn and frayed,
Outshine the buttons and the braid
  Of brigadiers so handsome.

And, O ye gentlemen so fine!
  Who stay at home in ease,
Pray do not needlessly repine,
As you peruse each leaded line,
  Don't be so hard to please!
Don't spoil your muffin and your toast
  By querulously harping!,
Don't spoil your boiled and fried and roast,
By empty doubts and emptier boast,
  And thrice as empty carping!

For him who talks of base defeat—
  For him who talks of stopping,
And wanders up and down the street,
In panic vile—the tear-drops fleet
  From linen cheeks a-mopping—
Let honest men his presence fly,
  His brotherhood denying!
He's very fit to sell and buy,
But who the sutler-soul will try,
  In selling or in buying?

So strike once more for Fatherland—
  Once more for hearth and altar!
The brave shall have our heart and hand,
The craven but the jibe and brand,
  The traitor but the halter.
So strike once more, and with a will,
  The luck to Fortune leaving!
Come glee or gloom, be steadfast still,
And though weak men may weep their fill,
  A FIGO FOR THEIR GRIEVING!

Wanted—A Doctor.

THE Government of Australia is said to be in want of a man "who would come out with the latest light on the treatment of lunatics." We think we could name other governmental officials who stand in need of the same leech. Australia is frank. Will the good example be followed?

BRITISH NEUTRALITY.

Aminadab Sleek Bull.—"No, sir; I am the 'ead of a Serious Family, and we are strictly neutral; therefore I cannot allow your vessel—the Tusky-roarer, I think?—to make 'erself at 'ome in any of our ports."

ON DRAFT.

Recruiting Officer.—"EXEMPT, YOU SAY? OH, YES!—IDIOT, I SUPPOSE—ALL RIGHT."

Musical Intelligence.

SINCE the Army changed its Base, the Press has changed its Tenor.

Sentiment, by Man-o'-War Jack.

"HERE'S bad luck to the WELLES that gives us water instead of grog!"

A "Substitute."

"IT is said that conscription will soon be resorted to, to fill up the navy," etc.—*Daily Paper.*

That is, as Government can no longer give poor JACK a Dram, it is about to give him a Draft instead.

Interesting to our Old Women.

A DESPATCH to Philadelphia, giving news of the Confederate movements towards Pennsylvania, says:

"The main rebel army is at Funktown, 2½ miles off."

Numbers of respectable persons are momentarily inquiring where this Funktown is situated. To these the replies are of a mixed character; some declaring that Richmond used to be Funktown, but that the name has been transferred to Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities, since the rebels have taken the aggressive and become invaders.

Easy Enough.

A LONDONER has written a book on "Fighting Made Easy." On paper—yes. The easy fighting, however, is always that which is done by other people—a very consoling fact to the London mind. There would seem to be all the difference in the world between having your own throat cut, and hearing that somebody else had suffered in that way.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 5th.

DEAR VANITY:—Yes, I see it. I have made a mistake. . . .

It is the first I ever made. . . .

I had no business to leave my army and go to Richmond.

But then, I should be excused, for I thought I could take that city alone. Now, however, I am wiser. Washington is safe.

The back-bone of Rebellion is broken in the District of Columbia!

The Army of Virginia has advanced upon Washington. President Lincoln assures me that his utmost expectations are fulfilled.

And now for an army of good men and true, One Million strong, to hurl upon the Rebels from every point.

Do you know, dear VANITY, how it came about that Richmond is not yet ours? . . that we are protecting Washington to-day, instead of roving Southward, like the white swan in the song?

Ask the white-livered sneaks of the press and the Senate . . . the men whose philanthropy has slaughtered hecatombs of brave soldiery, and squandered millions of treasure . . . in a word, the Abolitionists!

Ah! but I sigh for the happy days of my old Italian campaign, when a soldier was a fighting-man, and a general had his eyes upon something nobler than the spoils of a fat office. *Bella Italia!* Land of song and wine! Land without Niggers! Oh! thrice happy, thrice blessed! *Basta!*

Bull Run is an excellent place to come from.

. . . I want Four Hundred Thousand more men, for three years or for the War. I shall draft for them, and the Governors of States shall not say me nay again.

Doesn't it strike you, dear VANITY, that, considering we are fighting against the principle of States Rights, these Governors show a marvellous independence of obligations to the National Government?

I told LINCOLN, a while ago, to draft Three Hundred Thousand men for me. He ordered the draft for August 15th. The Governors of nearly all the (so-called) loyal States replied: "No, we will raise volunteers instead."

"But," said the President, "I want this Army *now*."

"What are you going to do about it, then?" asked the bold Governiers; "will you have the men now, or wait till you can get them?"

Now, I want to know whether the North intends to acknowledge and uphold the supremacy of the Federal Government over the States, or to defy and overthrow it.

Therefore, I hereby demand Four Hundred Thousand additional troops, to be raised by Christmas, Governors or no Governors. . . .

I mean to fetch them to their milk!

Pardon me if I wax warm; I am accustomed to obedience from inferiors.

. . . Give my love to General E. D. MORGAN, when you see him.

Later.—I have just returned from a call upon GIDEON. He is delighted with his *coup d'état*, the abolition of grog-rations in the Navy. He says that it keeps the men cross as bears, all the time, and therefore in good fighting humor. He tells me, further, that he is using all his influence with HALLECK and STANTON to have food rations stopped in the Army on the same ingenious principle. STANTON thinks it rather a good idea, but HALLECK expressed an opinion that the propounder of such an idea was undoubtedly a fool.

I agree with HALLECK. But GIDEON has it all figured out, and explained the economy of the move very vivaciously, for his years.

"The grog-bill for last year," said he, rubbing his shins, "amounted to Three Hundred and Fifty-three Thousand Six Hundred and Eighty-one Dollars Thirty Cents. Very good. I give the men Five Cents extra, *per diem*, instead. That makes a sum of Three Hundred and Fifty-three Thousand Six Hundred and Sixty-five Dollars. Eh? Subtract it, now. Three Fifty-three Six Sixty-five from Three Fifty-three Six Eighty-one Thirty . . . See? I save Sixteen Dollars Thirty Cents; which is a good deal of money, in these hard times. Eh? Now I dare say there's many a poor fellow who would like to have Sixteen Dollars Thirty Cents. Don't you think so? Well, that's it. Eh?"

I don't wish to be hard on any man; especially a very advanced one; but really, I must say that GIDEON reminds me strongly of . . . of . . . shall I say it? . . . well, of . . . BUCHANAN.

Beware however of spurious intelligence. There is but one truthful army-correspondent, and he is, yours, MCARONE.

THE TOWN SHOWS.

CRAVING your presence, Mr. Printer, I have this week, first of all, to touch my hat to Mr. FORREST. Not to take it off, mind you, for that I would hardly do to FECHTER, although I did it last week to Miss BATEMAN, and am expecting to do it before long to RISTORI. But when you come to women, it's another matter,

"And oh! the difference to me."

as WORDSWORTH says.

However, I have seen the day—and that not so long ago—when before FORREST I would take off not only my hat but my shoes. Since then, having bought a wig and become conservative, I rarely uncover my head except in the presence of ringlets and shoulder-straps.

In paying my humble obeisance, with the qualification aforesaid, to Mr. FORREST, I simply lay my usual offering at the shrine of Success. The question of Genius I leave and bequeath (see my post-humorous papers, Letter A, Folio I) to my friends the Critics and their heirs forever, who will probably feel as much obliged to me as if I had left them my bill-book.

For myself, I accept the verdict of the public, and look upon FORREST as about the only man among us who has the requisite muscle to bear five mortal acts of a tragedy on his shoulders without breaking down. Lots of other people try it, to be sure, but long before the curtain drops the boys can hardly refrain from calling out: "How's your poor feet?"

I congratulate Manager WHEATLEY, therefore, on having engaged the "Great American Tragedian," and prophesy that as long as he is in town it will be as difficult to get a good seat at NIBLO'S as to buy a copy of VANITY FAIR the second day after publication.

I must furthermore congratulate Manager WHEATLEY on having engaged HACKETT for the off-horse of his establishment, since, if he can't draw with such a team, he may as well recal Monsieur RAVEL, who can fill any house in the country without so much as opening his mouth.

With your love of fun, Mr. Printer, I shouldn't wonder if, despite your devotion, pictorial and other, to FORREST, you gave the preference, after all, to HACKETT, though at the risk of your sides. But for my own part, being of a grand, gloomy, and peculiar turn of mind, I turn fondly toward FORREST, whom I never meet on Broadway without fancying he has a skull in his hand, and ignoring whether he has one in his hat or not. And yet, I am told, he is a very human person, and one, moreover, of exquisite "*goût*."

Another tragic sensation for us just now is Miss BATEMAN as *Lady Macbeth*. This is a peg higher than anything the youthful aspirant has attempted as yet, but as she has a clear eye and a steady step, and is lacking neither in poise nor pose, I have no doubt that she will sustain herself on the dizzy height, and in this part, as in most others, excel all her contemporaries, even if she doesn't fulfil all our expectations.

I think that no one who has seen her *Julia*, *Geraldine*, or *Rosa Gregorio* can question, whatever may be her deficiencies, that, with the single exception of MATILDA HERON, we have had no tragic actress on our boards that could be compared with Miss BATEMAN since the best days of FANNY KEMBLE.

I could wish sometimes, indeed, that there were one or two more love-notes in her voice—that she were just the least bit in the world less staid and statuesque—that she would now and then finish a sentence without a rising inflexion—and that she might acquire a little of that delicious ease which seems to be all but confined to the French stage; and yet she is so free from the common faults of her profession, and so abounding in all its excellencies and graces, that I never hint, as in this case, at any of the drawbacks in her acting without a vague feeling that I have been doing something silly—like pulling a flower to pieces, for instance—and ought to have my ears boxed. For, after all, it should be borne in mind that even in the presence of such actors as J. W. WALLACK, EDWIN ADAMS, and her veteran of a father, (whose impersonation of the *Bard* in "Geraldine" is something to be remembered for years,) she shines forth

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

I don't think of anything else to say in the tragic line, except that Miss BATEMAN is to be followed, at the Winter Garden, by EDWIN BOOTH, of whom one may say as Dr. HOLMES says of one of his heroes:

"Now being from Paris recently,
This fine young man would show his skill."

Moreover, he will have an ample chance to "show his skill," and with FORREST over the way a big incentive to do so. He comes of good stock, does BOOTH, and, truth to say, has always done credit to it. Still, there was plenty of room for improvement, and it is pleasant to know that during his residence abroad he has neglected no opportunity of observation or study. We shall soon see with what result. If he has accomplished all that is reported of him, he may do as much for the American stage as FECHTER, with all his faults, has done for the English; nay more, for, as BOUCICAULT will tell you, a new idea can hardly be got into an Englishman's head short of a surgical operation.

And now to lighter themes.

The report that NIXON has written an opera, and has taken the Academy of Music with a view to bringing it out, with ELLEN ZOYARA as his *prima donna*, is a calumny. NIXON is no such man. He has a new opera, to be sure—and everything else to make his Academic début a success—but his great idea is to have the honor of bringing out CARLOTTA PATTI, who, it is now said, will make her first appearance on the 22d.

As a matter of course, everybody will be "there to see." And they will see something more than a new *prima donna*. They will, for example, see a well-mounted opera and a well-conducted opera-house. Moreover, there will be some things they will *not* see, and, among others, a lobby-full of greasy dead-heads staring the ladies out of countenance, and a hungry crowd of peddlers bawling out their small wares. The first reform will be a difficult one to carry out, and may cause a revolution in Chatham street, but NIXON has put his foot down, and will not be likely to take it up, except to kick out intruders.

It will be something quite new, Mr. Printer, to have the opera managed by an American, and there are not wanting those who say it can't be done. We shall see. It may lead to a foreign war, but what of that? The town is in fighting order, just now, and the new manager can hold his own if he is plucky, even at the Academy and against the Twelve Tribes.

Meanwhile, that large class of people called Germans—and very nice people they are, for the most part—mean to have an opera of their own, and to this end have taken WALLACK'S old theatre, where, with their excellent company and the best opera-conductor in town, (CARL ANSCHUTZ,) their success would seem to be certain.

Indeed, success seems to be certain, this season, everywhere.

NIBLO'S, BARNUM'S, the Winter Garden, the Cremorne, the Bowery theatres, the Minstrel houses, etc., have been crowded all the week, and now Miss KEENE and Mr. WALLACK are rehearsing pieces which, if any faith can be put in Green-Room reports, are cards that (if you ever do such things) you can safely bet on.

You see, therefore, that by another week the season will have fully set in, and what with new plays and old plays, new players and old players, your correspondent will have plenty of nice things to write about.

PPPS.

And Vice Versa.

"WELL, sir, the Rebels are upon *our* soil, now!" said a lukewarm Pennsylvanian to our Philadelphia Contributor. "They are!" exclaimed our P. C. sternly, "and before long, our soil will be upon the Rebels!" The L. P., having thus got his full "change," departed.

FROM THE POST OF DANGER.

AS the daily press appears to be unable or unwilling to instruct the public with regard to current events at the localities where fighting should, would, could, might, or ought to be expected, we are induced to publish the following items, furnished to us by our stipendiary lunatic, who boards and lodges, at present, up in the air, in a balloon of his own construction.

"Pennsylvania," he says, "looks very queer from a bird's-eye point of view. I see below me, at this moment, a company of Quakers busily engaged at drill. The shrill commands of the officers reach me at intervals. I have heard a good deal of swearing in my time, but never anything to be compared, for vehemence and variety, to the expletive phraseology of these reckless men. Stonewall JACKSON will need to pray double time if ever he gets into Pennsylvania.

"There is a raid of rebel cavalry going on at Damascus. What are these I see flashing in the air? Ah! yes! Damascus Blades, who are skedaddling away as fast as their legs can carry them before the guerrillas of Secesh. We want better metal than such blades are made of, if we are going to win the great fight.

"What nonsense it is to say that the rebels are destitute of clothing and food. There now, over at yon mountain's foot, is a party of them feeding boisterously, and upon something nice, no doubt. Let me adjust the telescope so as to observe them more accurately. Oh! dear me! Something nice, indeed. Why they are eating their boots, I declare, and, like the Picts of old, have their unclad persons smeared with blue-clay, to resemble uniforms, with dandelion flowers stuck on for buttons!

"Yonder I behold a United States army sutler driving a first-rate speculation. He is flying a large kite, to the tail of which he has attached a pair of old boots. The whole rebel army—some 20,000 men, at least—are following the bait, across the country, as fast as they can run. Gazing up into the air, they do not see that they are approaching our lines, where they will presently find themselves prisoners; while the ingenious sutler will get ten dollars apiece for them from the Government, with the rank of Brigadier-General, a Post-Office, and a sinecure desk in the New-York Custom House. Merit is never allowed to go unrewarded by our Government, which is a good one, and must be supported.

"I see a great fat man down in the valley, yonder. Surely it must be Mr. HACKETT, in his famous character of *Falstaff*. No, it isn't, though; it's nobody but HUMPHREY MARSHALL, menacing POPE'S rear with a spy-glass and a bamboo switch."

We have a good many other items of great interest, from the same source as the foregoing, but as most of them might wound the private feelings of several estimable rebels, we forbear from publishing them at present.

THE NEW GOODY TWO-SHOES.

IT is painful to hear, as we do officially, that Gen. PRICE'S rebel army is without shoes or stockings, being at once bare-footed and bare-faced. Price has commanded his aid-de-camp to issue a proclamation to the people of Mississippi, begging them to pity in that respect his gallant Foots. He calls upon the women to go to knitting, and upon the men to betake themselves to cordwainery, as they value the soles of their gallant defenders; and he promises to pay for the said service—which is a Yarn of one kind which will hardly furnish any Yarn of the other, to begin with. Now if the gallant army—the Men of Great Price—would only agree, upon the receipt of shoes and stockings, to put them to the best possible use, by running away in them, and by never coming back for any more, we believe that every cobbler and every old lady in Mississippi would go to work with a will; but while Grim-visaged War continues to knit his Awful Front, the dames of Mississippi, at least, will continue to ply the twinkling needles, in behalf of the Family Legs.

GREELEY TO THE RESCUE.

A BARD, by the mellifluous name of BUNGAY, has, we observe, been trying to stir up the senile GREELEY to deeds of prowess. We have read the appeal, and we hope BUNGAY will prevail. In fact, BUNGAY reveals a clear path out of all our present troubles. He calls on the philosopher to "strike," and then to "strike again," and he tells him that "every sentence slays a foe." We accept this deliverance. We demand the extermination of Stonewall JACKSON. He is inconvenient. One for his nob, O GREELEY! if you love us! BUNGAY, we call on you to make him do it. The idea is too good to be lost. Moreover, if not too hard on the old fellow, we demand that he write several hundred thousand sentences—short ones—and kill off those irrepressibles in Virginia and Maryland. See to it, BUNGAY! Stir him up to the work; and if successful, he shall "wake with fire and thunder-drum the slumbering age," and "lift the broad claymore in the light," or eat haggis in the Park, or hang his white hat on the North Pole, or anything you like; and nobody but yourself shall take the least notice. Proceed, BUNGAY! *Macte virtute!*

HARK!

IN my loiterings along
By the lane,
I heard the blacksmith's song,
As it went both clear and strong,
Like sparks from an iron tongue
Off the chain.

Loud and lusty rang the words
Unto me—
Not like the song of birds,
But sonorous as the herds,
When at eve they wade the fords
Of the sea.

"Forge the iron while it's red,
Man of pith;
While the flying sparks upspread
To the rafters overhead—
To-morrow you may be dead!"
Sang the smith.

And as onward o'er the plain
Wended I,
Amid the hurricane,
On the wind and through the rain,
Ever the anvil strain
Hurtled by.

And the billows of the sea
Far away,
Murmured the same to me,
With a palpitating plea
For a fiercer energy
In the fray.

From "Shear" Benevolence.

V. F. BEGS, without malice, to call the attention of those Rebels who lately attempted to force a passage at Harper's Ferry, to the ancient saying, that, "Whoso cometh forth seeking WOOL, shall peradventure return shorn!"

That's So!

"THERE'S a great variety of honorable pursuits in life," remarked JENKS sententiously, "but, just now, there is one in particular that strikes me as being specially noble, and deserving of success."

"What's that, sir?" asked the bystander, dreamily.

"The pursuit of the Rebel Invaders!" replied J.

Of Age.

"MANKIND have called the various great Eras of History by such names as the 'Golden Age,' 'Iron Age,' 'Brazen Age,' etc.," continued the philosophic Barkeeper; "I wonder what they will call the present age?"

"Probably, the Post-Age," answered the Judge, handing him a ten-cent "currency" note.